The Good, The Beautiful and The True:

Lessons from a Temperance Lady on Facing Change and Moving Forward

Research Thesis

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My mother came into my room one morning when I was fourteen and told me point blank that she was leaving my father for someone she had met online. She was quitting her job as an insurance adjuster to stay home full-time while this new boyfriend apparently made enough money working with horses to support all three of us. It happened over the course of a few weeks, I watched life change before my eyes. We left our big, expensive house in an affluent area for a double wide in a little Ohio town called, “Delaware.” I had never heard of it, I didn’t want to be a part of it. My father, who was always indifferent, moved into his own apartment and started playing music for the first time in years. My mother smiled more during that move, than I had seen in the fourteen years my parents were married. She said she had finally found love. Though I held onto my stubborn anger for years, I learned how to adjust. But I often thought about how my life was supposed to be, the avenues I was set to go down and the decisions that were made to offset it. I thought I had already known where my life would take me and I wasn’t ready to give that up.

I have always struggled with purpose. The feeling that I am alone in the middle of an intersection of too many roads to count is one that I know quite well. How is anyone supposed to know what they should be doing? And the idea that someone else can change me entirely. Anytime I thought too hard on it, I would spiral toward whatever vice I was onto that week. I would change myself completely. I emulated the people I wanted to be like. One week, it was greasy hair and an embarrassing amount of eyeliner and trying my first cigarettes because Courtney Love was everything. The next week, I might be clean and in a cardigan because Rory Gilmore was going to Harvard and I wanted to go too. I learned this behavior really young, but held onto it for survival through the transitions that come with growing up. I can't say that I ever fully grew out of it because the purpose of this paper is another woman's life that I both admire and envy. Her name was Harriet Calista Clarke McCabe and she also ended up in the same little Ohio town. She was born before the Civil War and died after the first World War. She was an activist and the amazing part of it all is reading about how she leapt headfirst into all the turmoil and evolved with the world. I became obsessed with the self-knowledge that seemed to carry her through the turning points of her life. I craved the details, I stared bewildered at her portraits. As an intern in a historical society, I asked my research supervisor, Susan, to allow me to focus solely on her. In the twenty first century, while the rest of the world argued about civil rights, fascism, the Coronavirus pandemic, student debt and everything else, while my mother was succumbing to her own mental illness and I was inching my way toward graduating college as a fourth-year senior in undergrad; I found refuge in Harriet. She was there for so many of America's watershed moments and she had lost a lot along the way, but never faltered on her march forward. I thought that maybe if I learned her story, I could find the answer to how to live a good life in spite of the world and in spite of my own genetics.

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Harriet Calista Clarke was born in 1827 in Sidney Plains, New York to Arvine and Eliza Clarke. The Clarkes were a military family. Her father's father, Moses Clarke, was a minuteman in the American Revolution and his eleven children were all involved in the DAR or SAR.[1] Arvine was the eighth child of Moses, born on the same day in July as his father, and was said to have taken great pride in his father's accomplishments under the command of Benedict Arnold. Though Arvine would never enter the military himself, he raised his own eight children as a regiment. In her autobiography, Harriet recalls being raised under the order of her father and the "watchful" and "systematic eye of a Connecticut woman."[2] All of the children were expected to work on the family farm. Arvine and Eliza pushed hard work and discipline in their parenting, but they also understood the opportunity that came with high education. Despite girls' formal education being non-essential according to most standards in the 1830s, Harriet and her siblings were all enrolled in school or taught by a private governess. Her interest in society grew, especially after her family began hosting travelling preachers and speakers. They eventually converted from Presbyterianism to Methodism. Her family moved to Elmira, a predominantly agricultural town on the eclipse of the Methodist boom.[3] The Clarkes were responsible for a lot of Methodist conversions in New York during her formative years, partially due to Arvine's own zeal, but also because Elmira, itself, is a perfect town for public exchange. It is in the intersection of four counties and at the border between New York and Pennsylvania, so not only did it connect different communities, but it was a pass-through town for travelers as well. Hosting all these different individuals impacted Harriet's early development. Harriet had so many different

[1] Philip Smith, Personal email correspondence with author, August 2019.
[2] Phebe Ann Hanaford, *Daughters of America, Or Women of the Century* (New York: B.B. Russell, 1883), 385.
[3] Nathan O. Hatch, *The Democratization of American Christianity* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1989), 3-16.

interests before she was even a teenager. She loved botany and linguistics. She was a talented sketcher. Many accounts of her life go so far as to call her a scholar of French before she had even turned twelve years old.[4] It was exciting to walk the balance between all these competing forces in her life. I'm led to believe there must be some phenomena, some link, between someone's ability to thrive in discrepancy and to inherently know which way to go. Harriet excelled in this.

By the time she had turned twenty-three, Harriet had left home. Her older sister was living in Williamsport, PA with her husband and Harriet lived with them as she sought work. She soon began her employment at Dickinson Seminary in 1850. Here, she launched a career of academia, activism and society. She became the first French Preceptress for girls in their early to late teens. Early in her employment, Harriet noticed an injustice among the students. While there were two male literary societies; there were none for girls. The Belles Lettres and the Gamma Epsilon Society were long-standing clubs that allowed young men to gather to debate, to write and to study the art of literature both classic and contemporary. Harriet founded the first literary society exclusive to girls at Dickinson known as The Tripartite Union. The Union was named for the three great world powers of the time: France, Britain and Russia. According to Dickinson's account of the Union, its founding was "coeval" with the founding of the Seminary. It says Harriet, "banded the girls together,"[5] and they found their place among the shifting landscape.

Dickinson Seminary was owned by Methodists. Originally known as Williamsport Academy, the school was underfunded and had gone broke until purchased by Rev. Benjamin

[4] Hanaford. Pg. 384.
[5]Department of Gender Studies. Lycoming County Women's History Digital Collection, Lycoming College Archives, Williamsport, Pennsylvania, accessed December 9, 2020. URL: https://www.lycoming.edu/lcwhp/tripartite.html.

Crever in the early 1840s. Post-World War II, the seminary would become Lycoming College as soldiers returned home and enrolled. The current archivist for Lycoming, Sean Baker, explained that Harriet met with her girls at Old Main. Old Main is a building, well several buildings, that had been fused together in the 1850s, the same time Harriet would have been making her own changes to the school. At one point, it had been the only building on campus, but as the student body grew, the school built several more buildings to accommodate new liberal arts students, both male and female.[6] The girls would move their meeting spots as the construction carried on and find new niches among the atmosphere of change. One member recalled the excitement of it all saying, "What advancement! From a tiny spark [that has] grown a mighty fire," that she hoped would never be extinguished.[7] Accounts of these girls gathering are few and far between, but the little you can find these days sound like this one. The girls share this feeling of knowing they were doing important work. There are memories of gathering to speak of politics, to share in sisterhood. They adopted pennames and wrote poetry. One laments the lack of debate, but others share their appreciation for the sense of community. At their height, they worked with the Gamma Epsilon Society to publish an annual journal of their best works.

The 1853 edition entitled, *The Anniversary Magazine,* was a feat for such a union. The girls until this point had written recreationally, but this was their professional debut. Amidst the boys' poems you will find pennames like "Periwinkle" and "Honeysuckle." The flowers had written about anything that was on their mind – the natural beauty in the valley of Lycoming, the tiresome commitment to their studies, Methodism of course, and their closest, cherished friends. The magazine ends with an anonymous editor who talks about the hard, wooden chair that she

[6] Sean Baker, Email correspondence with author, September 9, 2020.
[7] *The Anniversary Magazine.* Minutes of the Tripartite Union Society of Williams Dickinson Seminary, Lycoming County Women's History Digital Collection, Lycoming College Archives, Williamsport, Pennsylvania, accessed December 9, 2020.

works in. She expresses this chair is anything but soft and comfortable. She discusses man's early start and the barbarism that degraded them before education shone its brilliant light with literature and science. "As [..] aristocracies and powers crumbled and fell," man brightened. His load was easier to bear. Education and progressivism become interchangeable in her story. The importance of moving forward no matter what, this is what we are all meant to do. She concludes the story and the publication saying this, "old, uncushioned chair has grown tiresome," that she leaves it, "hoping to find one more easy." The only way to find that: by going forward.[8]

I don't take these words lightly. Harriet, at the time of publication, had already left the union. What she had started only three years before, she let go to grow on its own and it did. Girls and their preceptresses from other seminaries became honorary members of the Tripartite. How beautiful, I think, that Harriet brought these women, these young scholars, together and left them to do the work they simply wanted to do. Scholar Mary Kelley goes further, calling girls' literary societies, "schools within schools."[9] On the very last page of the magazine was a picture of Old Main, still two buildings, disjointed. Not long after publication, those buildings became one. Harriet was the first of many preceptresses who would walk the halls of Dickinson and her original union of girls became honorary members for life. In the early twentieth century, one of these honorary members would ask Harriet to come back to Dickinson to speak at an alumni anniversary gathering. Harriet would decline, remarking about her old age and the work she still has to do. The original members present at the party thanked Harriet for setting them on a path

[8]Minutes of the Tripartite Union Society of Williams Dickinson Seminary, Lycoming County Women's History Digital Collection, Lycoming College Archives, Williamsport, Pennsylvania, accessed December 9, 2020, http://digitalcollections.powerlibrary.org/cdm/ref/collection/alycc-wmhis/id/889

[9] Mary Kelley. *The Need of Their Genius: Women's Reading and Writing Practices in Early America. 2008.* Journal of the Early Republic, pg. 28; Jeanne Boydston, Anne Throne Margolis, Mary Kelley. The Limits of Sisterhood: The Beecher Sisters on Women's Rights and Woman's sphere. United Kingdom: University of North Carolina Press, 1988.

that would lead to them becoming politically active, many of them were now suffragettes. They thanked her for giving them a motto that reminded them of what they were always to fight for. This motto that would moniker their union: The Good, The Beautiful and The True.

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I read those words for the first time when I was twenty-three and many times after. A century and a half after they were first written by Harriet, they ring in my head. Always at times when my mind wanders back to when I was twenty-three, the first year I spent researching Harriet as a junior in college. Even now, years later, I hear them and my mind becomes frenzied with the fear that my life has been going anywhere but forward. And though I have grown to be political, maybe I never really learned how to fight for what I believe in. When I first met Harriet, I was on my own path of progressivism; I was trying to pick up the pieces of a life I had thrown away for something better. What was better, I have no idea. I just knew I had to change if I were to become anything at all. You see, like many of those honorary girls I was reading about and envying, I married young. I had met him when I was only sixteen and I thought the path he set me on was the most exciting my life would be. My mother was proud of me and would remark about how she finally understood me. It felt like going forward and that sense of doing "something right" is addicting. But I found that I could only go so far forward on a feeling never meant to last. As an adult, when it was finally time to leave him, I couldn't. We compromised. We got divorced, but stayed together. I was the one who couldn't let go. We stayed together a little longer, "just as friends," I thought, because it made sense to me. In total, we shared six years of our lives together. The same day we ended things completely, we were arguing over the same old things on a particularly bad phone call. I hung up on him and went off to my internship. I remember staring blankly at a computer screen. I wondered whether Harriet would have been

proud of me for moving forward. My mother certainly was not and I was too embarrassed to tell anyone else, so Harriet was my only shoulder to lean on. Looking back, maybe it was kismet that I had discovered her in this intersection of life, but then I tell myself she did have six whole years to find me. Like maybe it was special that Moses and Arvine Clarke shared the same birthday, but then I realize, they *did* have eleven chances.

Growing up, I considered my mom to be the most progressive woman I had ever met. She had a snake tattoo, a metal bar through her ear, she dyed her hair fire engine red and swore in front of me all the time. She let me swear too, which was totally cool for a girl in middle school. And she wasn't just those things, she was a farmer. We had moved from Cleveland to an eight-acre plot in the middle of nowhere. One day, she answered a Craiglist ad for free goats and went to pick one up. The man we met said the goats had belonged to his wife, but he was now a widower. She had died of breast cancer and he was too old to take care of them. So, she took home the lot and started her own rescue. We originally called it The Wee Willy Pygmy Goat Farm. I looked at her with all the admiration in the world when she would care for the animals. It was a type of kindness I didn't know existed yet. I thought, "I want to be that." And we went to work together in the barn every day. She still had a high-paying job in the city, but came home to pigs in our living room and goats on the front lawn. It drove my father mad and he would joke about how she and I were the same person and he never knew who to be upset with. He would say nobody in their right mind would want to live like this. But she introduced me to rock and roll and took me to my first concert. She gave me all the freedom I could ever want. We religiously watched movies starring Cher and Susan Sarandon, and there were many days that our hair went unbrushed and I would inhale as much of her cigarettes as I could sitting next to her thinking we were the real-life Banger sisters. My life was one big mirror pointed directly at

her. I don't remember when that direction started to change. Maybe when she had left for a few days without answering her phone, or when she would start talking to herself more than anyone else. My father wanted us to move back to the city, but she started to berate him for talking at all. One day he just sat down on the couch and it was like he stayed there for years. Her friends stopped visiting. She would lose her temper over the smallest matter and I learned to stay away during an episode. I wondered if she was so terrible, what did that make me?

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During Harriet's stay at Dickinson Seminary, a handsome professor of Philosophy and Mathematics came to speak on several occasions. It was not uncommon for singles to meet at these types of events, so when she stumbled upon one of these lectures and liked what Lorenzo had to say, she left her role as French preceptress to marry him. In 1857, she moved her life from Pennsylvania to Delaware, Ohio to stay with him while he lectured at a brand-new Methodist college, Ohio Wesleyan University. OWU, like Dickinson, had founded a girls' school early on in its development, but the two had yet to merge. Lorenzo was one of the school's original professors, who would eventually become acting president.

Lorenzo was not your typical middle-class, church-going catch; Lorenzo had lived a full life before he had even met Miss Harriet Calista Clarke. Born in 1817 to a bootmaker and his wife, Lorenzo was named after a travelling preacher who spoke in the family's dwelling on the day of his birth. He grew up in humble beginnings until losing both of his parents at the age of seven to cholera. Orphaned, he was taken in by a grocer and his wife. He wrote stories of being alone in the store at night and sleeping on the counter. He made friends with the mice who would squeak their ways past. Though he was never formally educated, Lorenzo, like Harriet, showed an early proclivity for learning. He loved to read. He would grab ahold of any books he could get

his hands on and take all that he could from it, most notably, an arithmetic book. By the time he was a young adult, he was able to pass his equivalency tests to enroll at Ohio University. Lorenzo graduated in 1843, spent a year as a professor there and began his travelling lectures across the east coast.[10] Two years later, he began his professorship as the head of the Philosophy department for OWU. Lorenzo was said to have been such a strong circuit rider that he was able to perform his speeches punctually, down to the minute he had planned them. There is one famous instance where he had performed a speech that he had written five years earlier, exactly on time.[11] He was also known for his loud exuberance and flamboyant style. Instead of a belt or buttons, he tied a rope around his waist. Lorenzo had married a young woman named Martha Sewell, who sadly died of Typhoid not long after matrimony. But, just over a decade later, during a lecture track from Ohio to New York; Lorenzo made the stop in Williamsport to speak and of course, he fell for the girls' French preceptress and all the stars aligned. Harriet and Lorenzo had three small children: John Jay, Robert Lorenzo and Calista. It is from the accounts of friends and family[12] that we know their marriage was a happy one. But it is from the story of their honeymoon down the Erie Canal to New York, the one where Harriet insisted on taking her pet monkey who evidently tore apart their room in the carriage and wreaked general havoc on the entire vacation, that I know their marriage was a marvel.

Friends and relatives rejoiced in their relationship. Philip, Harriet's great-great grandson with whom I have been lucky to share some friendly emails, says that he grew up hearing stories of how they would share hundreds of debates over the course of their marriage. Harriet never

[10] "Lorenzo Dow McCabe 1817-1897," Beta Theta Pi, Men of Principle, accessed December 9, 2020, http://thetachapterbtp.org/content/lorenzo-dow-mccabe-1817-1897/
[11] "Early Ohio Methodism," *The Scranton, Pennsylvania Tribune*, March 20, 1907, Pg. 9, https://www.newspapers.com/clip/14228629/lorenzo-dow-peter-cartwright-1/.
[12] "Lorenzo Dow McCabe 1817-1897," Beta Theta Pi.

easily conceded, according to him, and this made her all the more appealing to a man like Lorenzo. Looking at the program of the McCabe's 25th wedding anniversary party is intimidating. The book itself is more than twenty full pages long and filled with poems and stories dedicated to the two. The introduction states that holding the ceremony in Delaware was the honor of the town, saying it was the, "most overwhelming demonstration of the kind," ever witnessed in the city. There were over one thousand people in attendance from all over the country. There was a mix of bright summer flowers among the tinted Autumn leaves on that sunny afternoon in October. The grounds were lit with Chinese lamps as women walked among them with full skirts and their nicest party attire. In the Thomson Chapel, the organ began the Wedding March sharply at six o'clock pm and the happy couple walked in, wearing black satin, facing their friends and family, and proceeded to be wed once more under the large wedding bell that overlooks the dancefloor.

Lorenzo was greeted by the Ohio Wesleyan student body, who had ostensibly asked to be a part of the ceremony. Dr. Merrick gave the opening prayer, and a senior of the college gave a wish on behalf of the students. Friends of the McCabe's gave their well wishes to the couple, some of my favorite given below:

"Twenty-five years is a long time in a man's life, but a man's life is not measured by years merely, but by the good he does. Measured by this standard, your life will be unending." – Gen. J. H. Godman.

"Souls happily wedded are ever sprinkling in their noon of life." – Wm. F. King of Cornell College.

One, more than half a page long, from Rutherford B. Hayes that pronounced his gratitude for knowing Lorenzo, who had presided over Hayes' own wedding, and one from Harriet's nephew who compared their marriage to Mississippi's rejoining the union after the Civil War – full of God and affection. John Wesley Hoyt, the third governor of the Wyoming Territory, expressed his awe at the diversity of cities that sent their greetings and congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. McCabe. It would have felt like the world was smiling just for them that night. To all of their dear friends, Lorenzo said, *"Standing where I do tonight, even Washington Irving would seek his chamber to weep there alone."* And to his wife, Lorenzo thanked her for bringing the council of gifted ladies into his life. He tells her he has grown more and more impressed at, "the sweetness of her spirit, the breadth of her charity, the wisdom of her counsels, the resources of her thought and the general excellences of her heart and life," he finishes the sentiment, saying she has the, "indestructible vitality of genuine worth." What a way to say *I love you.*[13]

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I was married less than one hundred feet from the chapel where Harriet and Lorenzo shared this moment. It was a hot August day in 2014 that did not mean much to me. I had spent the morning finding a marriage license and searching for anyone to marry us that afternoon. We were engaged all of three weeks. I was a sophomore at Ohio Wesleyan University, poor and unhappy. I was nineteen; he was in a ska band and we were very mean to each other. This was a

[13] "Silver Anniversary Wedding," McCabe Collection, Delaware County Historical Society, Delaware, Ohio.

point in my life where I had begun to understand that I was probably not likeable. I would be the first to say the worst thing that would come to my mind, just as my mother did. The unhappiness had culminated into an eating disorder and a massive depression that made it hard to assemble a sentence, let alone an entire wedding. So when it came time to get married, I asked him if we could just get it over with. No plans necessary. We met his friend William in the parking lot of the English building on campus. I looked at William the whole time, wondering if he was as uncomfortable as us. I wore blue jeans and a grey sweatshirt. My fiancé wore cargo pants and a T-shirt. William was in his work clothes. He talked about his day at work, I talked about how I had to work after this, so can we please hurry. The ceremony lasted five minutes, next to our cars. I wanted to get in and drive to the furthest point away from there. But, I also thought it might save our relationship to be bound together by something greater than us, a real commitment, a law. I wanted to make it work.

I told my mother a few weeks later and she was elated. She laughed at how long it took us and congratulated us. She wanted to know what to buy him for Christmas. The feeling of happiness that overcame me is indescribable. My mother cancelled Christmas the same year she left my father. After we had moved in with her new boyfriend, she couldn't afford to get much, a new pair of shoes and some little things from a dollar store. Christmas morning came and I refused to leave my bed. She'd been talking to herself a lot. Sitting next to her felt like sitting next to a rusty box fan – the noises she'd make sounding conspicuously like words, but a language I could never understand. She would rock back and forth. She would start talking paranoid about Jews, Muslims, people of color. I stare blankly. So, when I became a married, adult woman who can tell my mother that I have a husband who is an adult man with a full-time job, and she has an idea for Christmas; I think I have found the cure to her unhappiness. That

year, she got him a lamp from the Salvation Army. It was no more than a dirty beer growler with a light bulb attached and he did his best to love it for her, for me.

During my internship at the society, I spent a long time digging through the wedding gifts that were given to Harriet and Lorenzo. There are seashells and porcelain tea pots, an entire set of fine China gifted from Rutherford B. and Lucy Hayes, an ebony hutch, commissioned oil paintings, Bohemian glass, teaspoons, a pickle dish and many more trinkets. At the reception, they were also gifted gold, silver, a pendulum and a twenty-dollar bill from a Mrs. Luanna Brush. But in the short time I was a wife, not one of those gifts came close to the genuine worth of that secondhand beer lamp. That was her way of saying *I love you.* That was everything.

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In the 1870s, America was recuperating after the Civil War. The issue of slavery had separated the nation and the Methodist church was no exception. Northern Methodists focused a lot of their attention on abolition while Southern Methodists fought for the continuation of slavery, especially after many churches were destroyed during battle.[14] Northern women's rights activists had also refocused their attention on the war and how to best support the Union. Delaware hosted two union camps. Lorenzo had even written a letter to Abraham Lincoln about the Methodist Episcopal Church's support of emancipation. After Lincoln had officially emancipated slaves, it is said that Lorenzo and his OWU colleagues never passed a portrait of Lincoln without saluting it.[15]

[14] "The Civil War to World War I (1860-1913)," The United Methodist Church, accessed December 10, 2020, https://www.umc.org/en/content/the-civil-war-to-world-war-i-1860-1913.
[15] "Lorenzo Dow McCabe 1817-1897," Beta Theta Pi.

The country was uncomfortably moving back toward unity and Harriet found work outside the home. In the nineteenth century, this would not have been an easy decision for a woman to make. The divide between the private and public sphere was akin to the divide between the sexes. Political involvement of any kind was considered masculine.[16] But, like many of her greatest accomplishments, she found her place amidst the tension and she continued forward. It was around 1872, Harriet had joined the Women's Foreign Missionary Society. The society's goal was to help women of all backgrounds and situations obtain food, shelter and security through the work of the Methodist Church, specifically the William Street Methodist Church located in walking distance from the McCabe residence. She says the, "surplus energy of Christian women," led to her lifelong commitment to public work for all women.[17] This passion led her to befriending many like-minded women, from the wives of professors to preachers, to who would be one of her closest confidants, Lucy Hayes.

While the temperance movement was not by any means new, it was not taken seriously until the mid-19th century, then it was adopted and strengthened by women's rights activists. Native Americans were some of the first temperance activists in America in an attempt to resist the damaging effects of alcohol to their people and culture. In the 1870s, when Harriet was first becoming involved, women had undertaken temperance as a social movement to lessen the chances of domestic violence or job loss as a result of alcohol abuse.[18] Methodist women saw their place as being in the home, however they would do anything to protect it. Rheta Childe Dorr, a suffragette and muckraker born among the reconstruction era, concedes that women

[16] Paula Baker. "The Domestication of Politics: Women and American Political Society, 1780-1920." *The American Historical Review* 89, no. 3 (1984): 620-47. Accessed December 9, 2020. doi:10.2307/1856119.
[17] Hanaford, pg. 385.
[18] Barbara Leslie Epstein, *The Politics of Domesticity: Women, Evangelism, and Temperance in Nineteenth-Century America* (Middletown, Conn: Wesleyan University Press, 1981), 188.

belong in the home, "but Home is not contained in the four walls of the individual home. Home is the community."[19] Methodist women pioneered this ideology. Essentially, to protect the home, one must leave it.

Together Harriet and Lucy laid the groundwork for Ohio's temperance movement. Known as "bar-bashers" and "crusaders," temperance ladies were new to the American political arena, but quickly took the country by force. In 1874, Harriet met with some of her peers in her living room to discuss the future of this new movement. The ladies gathered around her writing desk, which stretched from floor to ceiling in her two-story colonial, and made a list of goals, rules and purposes. When they finished later that evening, what Harriet had written was the first temperance constitution of the United States. She named their group the "W. C. T. U. – Women's Christian Temperance Union." Other temperance groups united under this name and the Ohio constitution was adopted nationally. Thus, Harriet helped bind together women from all over the country who had the similar goal of prohibition for family's sake.

"Every revival and reform has, if genuine, its life first in individual souls,"[20] Harriet states in her autobiography. There it is in plain terms, the self-knowledge she seems to have just been born with. Caring for caring's sake and the ability to know what is right and where to go after. Even Harriet was surprised with the glowing reception of temperance, saying when she had felt the whole mission impossible; she had walked through the door and saw more women crowded at the Williams Street Church that can fit. The next day, they took to Columbus. They spent months praying and planning. Women who had never taken to a microphone were giving political speeches at City Hall. Harriet claimed this work as her birthright, alongside her

[19] Rheta Childe Dorr, *What Eight Million Women Want*, 1910, accessed December 10, 2020. https://www.gutenberg.org/files/12226/12226-h/12226-h.htm
[20] Phebe Hanaford. Pg. 385.

household and the education of her children. She remarks nostalgically and with so much pride that God has given her and her sisters, “no better material to work with than humanity,” itself. That they get so much more than they give and the riches they see carry them through the hardship of true work. [21]

Not long after creation, while Harriet remained at home, the Crusaders gathered at a Columbus Convention and named a president, secretary and twenty district vice presidents of the Ohio WCTU. Due to her organizing power and unscrupulous record, Harriet was unanimously elected as President of Ohio. She met with thousands of women from all over the country. She travelled often to Columbus and Cleveland, but further to Pennsylvania, New York and Virginia. During one convention in Cleveland, she gave the opening address for Mrs. Mary C. Johnson, President of Brooklyn, New York’s chapter of the WCTU. She pledged allegiance to her sisters from “the mountain land of California,”[22] to those fresh from fasting and prayer in Indiana, the tender “sisters of the South,” and all those from the West and Northwest. She gave thanks to them and the men who have fought for them. Together, under God, they came together in blessed union to fight for women everywhere. A co-chair called Harriet the, “fittest of the fit,”[23] as she bore the brunt of criticism and leadership with grace, wit and a high spirit. The women of the temperance movement were subject to danger on many different fronts from violent mobs, to political and personal slander, yet Harriet remained unphased and steadfast to her post. Where once was a country divided by the Civil War, temperance ladies joined from every state to preserve their communities.

[21] Phebe Hanaford. Pg. 385.
[22] Minutes of the N.W.C.T.U. McCabe Collection, Delaware County Historical Society, Delaware, Ohio (2018)
[23] "Minutes of the NWCTU"

Harriet remained the president of the Ohio WCTU for two years total. Like her time as the Tripartite's mentor, she looked further onward. There is no real record of the exact reason she stepped down, but in 1879, Harriet's children were teenagers and Lorenzo had begun to exhibit health problems. He had a long history of vision impairment, but was now a man in his early sixties. His health was declining quickly. He remained committed full-time to Ohio Wesleyan, teaching the philosophy of mathematics and theology courses. He became acting president twice during vacancies and students knew him as a strange mix of orthodox and open-minded, friendly and stern. Amid the counsel of all the brilliant women who flooded his home, he took on a more active role in women's rights. Up until 1877, Ohio Wesleyan had two colleges for men and women, but Lorenzo brought the campus committees to a vote that would join the colleges into one, united university. To this day, OWU prides itself on its history of inclusivity because of the work done by President Lorenzo McCabe.[24]

Just as her parents hosted frequent visitors, during Harriet's time at the WCTU, the McCabe household was constantly filled with travelers. One such was a young girl, Frances, who came to Delaware from her hometown in Illinois. She came to "Mother McCabe"[25] to learn how to fundraise, organize and speak effectively because she, too, had plans to become a leader in the women's movement. In 1879, the same year Harriet stepped down, Frances Willard, became national president of the WCTU of Illinois. Frances eventually became the face of nineteenth century women's activism, known for her dedicated work ethic. Until 1874, Harriet would enjoy being a vice president of the WCTU from Ohio. She would help the young women she mentored

[24] "Women's History at OWU," Department of Gender Studies, Ohio Wesleyan University, accessed December 10, 2020. https://www.owu.edu/academics/departments-programs/womens-and-gender-studies-program/womens-history-at-owu/.

[25] Susan Logan, research supervisor for the Delaware Historical Society. Personal correspondence with author: Cemetery Walk information, September 09, 2020.

carry out the vision of the temperance movement while remaining a full-time mother in Delaware. At home, Harriet would find new avenues of public welfare to follow.

In 1882, Harriet and Lucy Hayes expanded upon the work that they had begun in the Women's Foreign Missionary Society and the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Together, they founded the Women's Home Missionary Society at the William's Street Methodist Church. Lucy became the national president of the WHMS and opened a training school for girls in Washington DC. Harriet became secretary and editor of their publications. The goal of the society was to ensure the welfare of girls and women who are disenfranchised in some way. The society offered relief to Indian and African-American women, single mothers, women who needed work or education. Harriet also created a branch of the WHMS, the National Women's Indian Association, which offered similar service specifically to Native American women. She was so enwrapped in these causes, she even journeyed to Alaska to offer missionary aid to Inuit women. She would spend eighteen years in and out of Delaware doing this work. In her last few years, she spent more time at home as Lorenzo's health was failing him. By 1897, Lorenzo passed away. This was tremendously painful for Harriet, she had not only lost her best friend and partner, but she had lost some of that energy that was intrinsic to her for so long. In 1900, she had resigned from all her positions and retired gracefully. She passed on the torches once more to younger women that she trusted to carry on her work. Many of her WHMS peers lamented this loss and to this, she wrote a final goodbye letter that thanks them for their service and honor, and expresses how indebted she is to have worked with them. She ends with this salutation:

"Dear ladies, you have been patient with me; but then I have been patient with you. And that is what makes this life beautiful – to be patient one with another. All is well that ends well. I

turn over the leaf and fold it down, but not sadly. For when we rise up from a feast we should be glad."[26]

- *H.C. McCabe*

Harriet would spend the rest of her life at home, enjoying it. Her children had grown to follow in their footsteps, all formally educated, married and happy. John Jay would go on to graduate from Ohio Wesleyan with a degree in theology. His daughter Josephine would do the same. There are many pictures in Harriet's file that show her alongside her friends in old age. I like to imagine this was her first chance to relax, but she proves me wrong. When I come across twentieth-century Ohio petitions for suffrage, her name is always on them. She is lauded in her obituaries for her tireless outreach in the church until her death. When World War I started, she knitted socks for troops. Her children's children were growing up and she is pictured with them all in a family portrait, together in Lorenzo's old office. Nothing in it appeared to be touched. Harriet lived until 1919. She died peacefully from old age in her home where she always felt she belonged. She left behind her two-story colonial with a trellis of ivy that covered its east side, the famous wall-length writing desk it housed, a family that continued to grow long after her death and her work. Her students and peers would celebrate watching the nineteenth amendment become ratified just after her passing. She had catalyzed so much change in her lifetime and she left a legacy of girls to see those through.[27]

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[26] Minutes of the Women's Home Missionary Society, McCabe Collection, Delaware Historical Society, Delaware, Ohio. Accessed September 09, 2019.
[27] Harriet McCabe Obituary. McCabe Collection, Delaware County Historical Society, Delaware, Ohio; Philip Smith, personal email correspondence with Author, August 2019.

Reading about her death is hard for me. While she has given me so much refuge from the rest of the world, I mourn the loss of her like I had known her. I called my mother once, about a year ago, to tell her about Harriet. I wanted her to know that there are people like that in the world. We had a few conversations over the course of the last two years and I realized that so much of the pain I felt toward her was because she never shared her life with me. So, I began reaching out to others that knew her more than I did. I learned that she used to be an artist, and that she was very good. My father told me they had met when she managed a diner, he said she was beautiful and he liked how focused she was on her job, never really giving him the time of day until he asked for it. Her mother died on her sixteenth birthday and her father told her to move out shortly after. At eighteen, she was pregnant and married and my sister was born deaf. They argued about how to raise her and her husband asked for a divorce. My sister told me that my mother raised her alone for about five years before she met her second husband, who would abuse them both in multiple ways. It made sense that she was so happy to leave my father, years later. Maybe it finally made her feel more in control when she was afforded the decision to leave, since she had already lost so much without a choice. She found her own way forward for once. My mother would never admit to any of this, she barely acknowledges the past both good and bad. I understand the want to forget. I wanted to, too. But when the world turned in its ugly way, I was reminded of everything I ever needed from her. When "Proud Boys," marched in the streets and she cheered them on. When I was seen with a friend who was not white and she accosted me. When she shaved her head and I cried. My father told me one of the first words my mother taught me was "Ni**er." He told me I was kicked out of a daycare for saying it when I was four years old. The more I looked for pieces of her, the more paralyzed I had felt by

everything. Everything felt like it was happening too fast and I couldn't face it. The only thing I could think to do was to write about it.

This paper was long delayed from a summer of protests and fear, to an autumn of illness and poverty. I set out on this project to discover how someone can continue to go forward through all of life's changes. It scared me when Harriet's autobiography stated that she could not have done any of her work without God's guidance because it seemed like an easy thing to say. It wasn't until I read in one of Lorenzo's old theology books that I felt I had a better answer. Lorenzo McCabe was eccentric both in appearance and thought, and his assertions were mostly unliked by other religious philosophers of his time. This was because of his arguments against predestination. Lorenzo hated the idea and saw it as contrary to both the human experience and the literal words of Scripture. He viewed God's relationship to people as almost reactionary to our movements. To him, being a real human meant having free will to determine our own destiny, and God and Judgment will all come after. Humans determine their own lives. This unsavory opinion is likely why Lorenzo never achieved national recognition for his life's work, but Harriet agreed with him. She had followed his lectures and considered him a genius. She had said many times to the women around her that they should do good for goodness's sake and for nothing else. She preached to them about accepting people of all colors and backgrounds, she said this is God's work. And what she didn't specify, maybe what she didn't have to specify, is that it is also human's work. It is human to connect. It is human to progress. All of the analogies that I have read and written for this paper – the hard chair, passing the torch, rising from the feast – it all implies moving on. I couldn't move on until I knew Harriet. I couldn't move on until I knew my mother. And I don't think I will get up from this desk and start knitting socks and preaching kindness, but I think I can get up now. I think I learned how to move forward.

Thank you Harriet. For the Good. The Beautiful. And the True.

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[28] Miller, Lulu. *Why Fish Don't Exist: A Story of Love, Loss and the Hidden Order of Life. 2020.* Simon & Schuster. Kindle Edition.

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